

The Knife Grinder.

Tune — *Balance a Straw.*



THERE's Grinders enough, sirs, of ev'ry degree,
 From jewel-deck'd great, to low poverty :
 Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
 And the wheel it goes round, to wind in the pence.
 Master Grinders enough at the helm you may find,
 Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind !

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
 He turns Fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf ;
 He grinds back and edge, sirs, his ends to obtain ;
 And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.
 Master Grinders, &c.

“ The rich grind the poor,” is a saying of old ;
 The merchant the tradesman, we need not to be told ;
 Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
 There's Grinders of all sorts, of every degree.
 Master Grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
 The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-players ;
 He is a staunch Grinder, to many 'tis known,
 And they're very much gall'd by the grit of his stone.
 Master Grinders, &c.

I too am a Grinder—and what, sirs, of that ?
 I am but in taste, since I copy the great ;
 To be sirs, ingenuous, I now speak my mind ;
 'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
 Master Grinders, &c.

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